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KING

of the
**Royal
Mounted**
FUGITIVE
IN
FUR

REACHING THORNTON'S TRAILING POST AFTER DARK, SERGEANT KING AND HIS CRUISE COMPANION, MOOSE-TOO, GET A SURPRISE!



OHAY!

HELLO & TAME BEAR?
WHOSE IS HE, THORNTON?

HE BELONGS TO "BEAR"
WALLACE, HERE'S HIS
PLUNTY TAME, SERGEANT!

WALLACE HAS TRAINED HIM TO ACT
ALMOST HUMAN --- SIT UP AT THE TABLE,
SMOKE A PIPE, WALK LIKE A MAN! SHOW
'EM, WALLACE!



I RAISED HIM FROM A WEEB CUB, DIDN'T I,
RAB' HERE --- TAKE A PUFF FOR YOURSELF, LADDER!



HE DOESN'T SHAPE O' NORY, TOO
PACKING MY GEAR ON THE TRAIL LINES,
AND HE KEEPS ME WARM AT NIGHT!

I NEVER SAW A
BEAR SO WELL TRAINED
WALLACE! DOES HE
SLEEP IN A BUNK,
TOO?



IN A JUMP' NOUN? WE SLEEP ON THE
FLOOR, OR THE GROUND? IT SAVES
TROUBLE! --- MY PIPE, RABBIT!



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year old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label





THIS WAS DONE WITH A SHARP KNIFE! THEN WHOEVER DID IT REACHED IN TO STEAL THORNTON'S MONEY CACHE! --- AND THORNTON AWAKE --- TELL LOG! ONE YELL, AND THEN HE WAS STRUCK DOWN!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO ARREST YOU ON SUSPICION OF ASSAULT! ---

I DIDN'T DO IT --- NOR DID RAB!



I SHALL HAVE TO HOLD YOU AND THE BEAR UNTIL THORNTON IS ABLE TO TELL WHO STRUCK HIM! STEP IN HERE! I WILL BRING YOU FOOD AND BLANKETS!

AS YOU SAY, MOUNTIE! --- COME, RAB!



A QUESTION, MOUNTIE? IF THORNTON DIED --- OR IF THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH MOONLIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW FOR HIM TO TELL --- AND RAB, HERE, IS THE GUILTY ONE --- WHAT THEN?

IN THAT CASE, HE WILL PROBABLY BE DESTROYED!



WOOD-TOO! BRING BLANKETS! --- AND A LOG TO PROP THIS DOORSHUT! I'LL ATTEND TO THORNTON!



NEXT MORNING AT DAWN ---

HOT TEA, KING! THORNTON NOT WAKE UP YET?

NO! NO! THINK HIS SKULL IS FRACTURED BUT HIS BREATHING AND HEARTBEAT ARE BETTER



MOOS-TOOS, THERE ARE SOME INDIAN FAMILIES NEAR THE POST. FIND A WOMAN TO NURSE THORNTON TILL WE CAN TAKE HIM OUT TO A HOSPITAL? I'LL COOK BREAKFAST...

UGH! GOOD!

LATER---

WE'LL TAKE THIS IN TO WALLACE, THEN WE'LL EAT, MOOS-TOOS! NOW ABOUT THE BURSE?

UGH! SHE EAT-
UN BREAKFAST
ALREADY!--BEFORE
SHE COME!



WALLACE? HERE'S YOUR BREAKFAST! YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT THE BEAR---



WALLACE? WHERE---



WALLACE---BEAR---
GONE? NOW, HING?

TRAP DOOR IN THE
FLOOR---UNDER THIS
BALE OF FELTS!



DAYLIGHT COMING IN UNDER THE
FLOOR---THROUGH ANOTHER HOLE!
BIG ENOUGH FOR A BEAR TO GO
THROUGH!

UGH! LOOK-AM
BLACK HAIR!
TIGHT SQUEEZE!





TAKE YOUR TIME GOING BACK
TO THE TRADING POST, MOOSE-
TOODS! I'LL JOIN YOU LATER!"

YEAH! WE STILL
GOT TO FIND
WALLACE AND
BEAR!"



YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY PASSENGERS
THIS FREIGHT TRAIN HAS PICKED UP
THIS WEEK, DEWEANT!"

NO! WHO WERE
THE OTHERS?"



THEY WERE HORSES--NO TELLING WHERE
THEY GOT ON. MAYBE WHEN THE TRAIN SLOWED
DOWN, CLIMBING THE GRADE A FEW MILES
BACK. BAD WEATHER THREE
DAYS AGO.

THREE DAYS
AGO--IN THAT
REARWARD?"



YEAH! THEY FORCED A FREIGHT CAR DOOR
GOT OFF AT THE YARD IN PRINCE RUPERT,
AFTER DARK. I SAW 'EM JUMP! ONE WAS MEDIUM
SIZE AND ONE WAS HEAVY, WEARING SOME
KIND OF FUR COAT! NO USE TRYING
TO CATCH 'EM!"



LISTEN! DID YOU NOTICE
ANYTHING queer ABOUT HIS
WALK? --- THE ONE WITH
THE FUR COAT?"

YEAH -- COME TO
THINK OF IT! HE
SORT OF ROLLED
LIKE A SAILOR! AS I
SAID, IT WAS DARK, AND I
COULDN'T SEE VERY WELL.



FUR COAT -- ROLLED LIKE A SAILOR --
OR MAYBE A BOAT? IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
RAIN --- AND WALLACE?



THE NEXT DAY---AFTER TAKING THORNTON TO THE HOSPITAL---

DOCTOR, COULD THORNTON'S INJURY HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A BEAR'S PAW?

POSSIBLY, SERGEANT---OR BY A BAG OF IRON WASHERS---OR BY ANYTHING BROAD OR BLUNT? THE SKULL IS BRUISED AND THERE'S A BAO CONCUSSION?



THE NEXT THING IS TO GUESS WHERE WALLACE AND HIS BEAR WENT THEY COULDN'T HANG AROUND PRINCE EDWARD



PASSING THE WATERFRONT, JONG IS STRUCK BY A SUDDEN IDEA.

"---ROLLED LIKE A SAILOR? WHO HE EVEN SMOKES A PIPE?"



HELLO! ARE YOU THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SLOOPHET?

RIGHT, SERGEANT---CAPTAIN AND OBBERY? NAME IS BARROWS? CAN I HELP YOU?



CAPTAIN BARROWS, I'M LOOKING FOR TWO MEN, WHO MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE SHIPPED OUT ON A COASTAL CRAFT? ONE WOULD BE THICK-SET, WITH A STRANGE ROLLING GAIT---

---AND HANDSOME?











THE CHANCES ARE THAT WHOEVER IS IN THAT CABIN---AND IT'S PROBABLY BONNETTE---HAS NOT SEEN US YET! I'LL WALK STRAIGHT TO THE DOOR---AFTER YOU HAVE CIRCLED TO GUARD THE BACK!

BYE, HAMBIE! AND I WILL DO THAT!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER---QUIETLY, BUT IN PLAIN VIEW FROM ANY DINK IN THE OLD LOGS, KING APPROACHES



BONNETTE! I'M COMING IN! DON'T TRY ANYTHING FOOLISH!

COME---COME IN, MOUNTIE!



THE ROTTEN FLOOR BOARDS, PROPPED IN PLACE AS A MANTRAP, GIVE WAY!



FEOW---!

DROPPED BONNETTE! DON'T YOU SHOOT MY AB---!





Fangs of the Pack



The wolves had been trailing his sled all the short, arctic day—big Northern wolves with deep chests, bear-like heads and lean hindquarters! Hungry, savage brutes against whom Harry Thorne's sled dogs would have no chance at all if attacked! The dogs knew it—which probably explained why they blundered onto thin ice.

It was a large hole, worn into the river's foot-thick ice from beneath by a strong upward current. As the sled tilted down, Harry threw himself off and back, acting on instinct. Ice cracked under him as he rolled—but it held up. When he got to his feet there was nothing—nothing but black water where his team had disappeared. The heavily-loaded sled had pulled the dogs down with it! A fine team, loyal and well loved! Their loss numbed Harry's brain—but only for a few moments. Automatically, he began to think about his own survival.

He was three days' walk from the settlement, by river, without blanket, sleeping bag or food. He had his rifle. If luck was with him, he could shoot something for meat—perhaps something with a big enough hide to warm him in the fifty-below-zero cold at night!

The thought of those wolves no longer bothered him. They loved dog meat, but

they had not been known to attack men. He might even shoot one, and use its fur coat.

Through the short hour of good daylight remaining, Harry Thorne trudged along close to the bush. But as he rounded a bend of the frozen river, the running shape he glimpsed was not a wolf—but a caribou!

He knelt and fired. The white mantled shape leaped as it stung—and went down. When Harry reached it the caribou was dead. Now he had his food—and a sleeping robe for good measure!

The wolves howled as he dressed his kill and lay down to sleep beside his dying fire, wrapped in the caribou hide. Fiery pain in his scalp woke him. Something had him by the shoulder, tore, stabbing, shaking him! Harry yelled. Then his finger found the trigger of his rifle.

Snarl and a yelp of surprise answered the report! Harry struggled out of the frozen caribou hide in time to fire twice at the great, dark beasts bounding away in the moonlight. And each shot scared!

"It was the raw caribou hide that turned ME into wolf bait!" he muttered, with a wry grin. "Next time I'll use WOLF skins—and be safe!"

MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

HENRY
THE
ELDER

STORY BY L. R. BROWN & JOHN W. BROWN

IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR 1775, ALEXANDER HENRY THE ELDER AND HIS FUR TRADERS REACHED A VILLAGE OF CREE INDIANS ON THE SASKATCHEWAN, A HUNDRED MILES FROM LAKE WINNIPEG.



THE CHIEF, CHASTIQUE, WAS A WILD SAVAGE WHO HAD OUTWITTED OTHER TRADERS* AND HIS VILLAGE COMMANDERD ALL PASSAGE THROUGH THE LAND, DRILLING OR WATER. HE SEEMED FRIENDLY.

"THE WHITE TRADERS ARE WELCOME! WE HAVE PREPARED MEAT FOR ALL!"



BUT WHEN THE EATING WAS OVER AND TRADERS AND INDIANS HAD GATHERED AROUND A COUNCIL FIRE, CHASTIQUE MADE A SPEECH WHICH STUNNED HIS VISITORS.



HE WENT ON TO SAY THAT HE COULD TAKE ALL THE TRADE GOODS BY FORCE — WHICH WAS PERFECTLY TRUE — BUT THAT THERE WOULD BE NO NEED FOR A GUNNELL IF THE TRADERS WOULD GIVE HIM CERTAIN THINGS!

"MY YOUNG WARRIORS ARE VERY HAPPY THAT YOU HAVE COME, WHITE MEN! THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THAT WE NEED — AND YOU HAVE!"



TO SAVE THEIR NECKS, THE TRADERS AGREED — AND LEFT WITH WHAT WAS LEFT OF THEIR TRADE GOODS — FOR GAMBIERLAND HOUSE, AN IMPORTANT POST UP-STREAM.



THAT WINTER, HENRY THE ELDER AND HIS PARTY LEFT DUNDELOD HOUSE TO VISIT THE TRADING POST PARTNER UP THE GREAT RIVER. THE FROZEN STREAM LAY UNDER DEEP SNOW.



THE DEEP SNOW CLOGGED THEIR SNOWSHOES, HOLDING THEM BACK! THERE WAS NO GAME TO HUNT, AND THEIR FOOD WAS GONE DAYS BEFORE THEY ARRIVED AT THE NEXT POST.



ON EMPTY STOMACHS THEY TRUDGED AHEAD, WITH THE BITTER COLD SAPPING THEIR STRENGTH. THE WOLVES HOWLED IN THE BUSHES.



ON THE THIRD DAY, WITHOUT SOLID FOOD, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES ENCIRCLED BY HUGE, Savage WOLVES—OF THE GREAT NORTHERN BREED.



HENRY SHOT AT THEM A NUMBER OF TIMES—AND MISSED! PERHAPS HE WAS OVER-EAGER—OR HUNGER SPOILED HIS AIM! WOLF MEAT, STAVING AND TOUGH, WOULD HAVE GIVEN THEM NEW LIFE.





THE NEXT DAY THEY MADE ANOTHER FIND--WHICH PUZZLED THEM



"ELK ANTLEERS? MORE MOOSE, MAYBE?"

"NO! ELK DON'T CARRY HORNS IN THE WINTER! THOSE WERE SHED MONTHS AGO!"

"H? HERE'S THE HEAD, TOO -- LARGE AS LIFE!"

"MAYBE THERE'S MORE THAN THE HEAD PROGENIN?"



--UNTIL THEY CHOPPED OUT THE ENTIRE CARCASS OF AN ELK WHICH HAD BROKEN THROUGH THE ICE THE AUTUMN BEFORE-- AND BEEN LOCKED IN PLACE BY ITS SPREADING ANTLERS



"LOOK AT THAT MEAT--PRESERVED IN NATURE'S ICE HOUSE!"

NOW CAME A REAL FEAST--AND A BIT OF SKYLARKING! FOR THE SPIRITS OF YOUNG MEN CAN ALWAYS RISE HIGH --WHEN TROUBLES ARE OVER!



SIXTY MILES PARTNER ON THEY REACHED THE TRADING POST OF FORT DES PRAIRIES, IN GOOD CONDITION



"HALLOOOO!"

"BANG!"

--AND THERE, THEIR CORPORA! HOSTS FED THEM ALL THEY COULD HOLD OF CHOICE BUFFALO MEAT, BOILED TOMATO AND FAT MARRON!

"FILL UP, HENRY! WE'VE GOT FIFTY TONS OF MEAT STORED HERE!"



KING

of the Royal Mounted FLOE ICE

RETURNING FROM A WEDGON ALONG THE ARCTIC COAST, SERGEANT KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED SEES SMOKE PUFFS TOO HEAVY FOR A CAMPFIRE.







EVERYONE TALKED, JOE CARIBOU?

NANA ASNAAT? WHO SPEARS MY NAME?
THE SUN IS BLACK?



JITA? YOU ARE SNOWBLIND---
WITHOUT SNOW GOOGLES! AND
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT BULLET
CREASE ON YOUR TEMPLE?

YOU KNOW ---
IF YOU ARE AN
ANGEL AND I AM A
LAND SPIRIT? YOU
KNEW MY NAME, BUT
I DO NOT KNOW YOU?



I AM NOT AN ANGEL AND I AM NOT
WHEN I HAVE DOCTORED YOUR EYES
AND YOUR WOUNDS, I WILL TAKE
YOU BACK TO CHARLIE WHITE
PORT?

AND I'LL BE
DEAD?



CHARLIE IS WELL---EXCEPT FOR HIS
BROKEN LEG YOU LEFT HIM TO STARVE
ON FREEZE---AND STOLE HIS SHARE
OF THE FURS WHERE ARE THEY NOW,
JOE CARIBOU?

NANA ASNAAT
YOU MUST BE AN
ANGEL---A
WITCH DOCTOR? YOU
KNOW, THEN, WHAT
HAPPENED BUT I WILL
TELL IT..



I HAD LOST MY SNOW GOOGLES, AND THE
SUN'S GLARE WAS KILLING MY EYESIGHT
TWO WHITE MEN CAME ALONG! THEY WERE
FRIENDLY! TELL THEY SAW MY LOAD OF
FURS THEN---BAND? I WAKE UP
HEAD HURTING? FURS GONE---DOGS GONE!



JOE CARBOW, I AM A POLICEMAN!
I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE
CROWN---FOR LEAVING YOUR PART-
NER TO DIE---AND STEALING FURS!

WHEN FIRST YOU
ARE AN ANGERFUL---
THEN A POLICEMAN!
WHAT WILL YOU DO
TO ME?



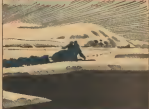
I WILL TAKE YOU WITH ME---TO CATCH THE
MEN WHO LEFT FURY FOR DEAD AND STOLE
FOUR FURS! BOOM, BOOM!

AN HOUR LATER, KING REALIZES THAT HE IS SHAKING
ON THE THIEVES WHO STOLE JOE'S TEAM AND FURS.
THEIR TRACKS TELL!



WELL! THERE'S WHERE THEY HAD
TROUBLE---THE TWO TEAMS SNARLED
AND FIGHTING! THAT WILL SLOW THEM!

ANOTHER HOUR---AND THE TWO OUTFITS ARE IN SIGHT OF EACH
OTHER---KING'S STEADILY BAINING ALONG THE FLIDE ICE OF
AN OCEAN BAY!



THAT'S A MOUNTAIN FOLLOWING US,
MAC! NO INJURY OR EATING WOULD
HANG TO OUR TRAIL THAT WAY!

I FIGURED THAT OUT
WHEN WE FIRST
SIGHTED HIM.
SMITTY?



WHAT SHOULD WE DO, MAC?
WE'VE GOT RIFLES---

SO HAS THE MOUNTAIN!
I'VE GOT ANOTHER
TRICK---SEE YOU
HUSKIES?

ACCIDENTLY, THE DOUBLE TEAM'S LEADER SWINGS TO THE RIGHT

BOO?



BUT SUDDENLY, THE LEADER OF THE STOLEN TEAM, SPURRED BY JEALOUSY, ATTACKS THE THIEVES' LEAD DOG.



YOU FOOL DOGS—
BREAK IT UP!

BLAST 'EM! THEY'RE
LOSING US TIME!

GAHHHRRR!



WITH THEIR TEAM FINALLY STRAIGHTENED OUT, MAC HEADS THE DOGS OUT OVER THE TREACHEROUS, NEW, THIN ICE OF THE BAY.

THIS IS MIGHTY RISKY, MAC! HEAR THE
NEW ICE CRACK UNDER US!



WHAT IF WE PUNCH
THROUGH? I CAN FEEL
IT BEND.

GET ON THE SLED
AND RIDE, THEN! IT'S
OUR BEST CHANCE TO
LOSE THAT MOUNTAIN!







"SAY WHAT? THE ICE
IS BREAKING UP ALL
AROUND US!"

"WE'LL BE OKAY--- ONCE WE GET ONTO
THAT RUN OF FLOW ICE! IT'S SOLID!"

SERGEANT KING IS NOT SO FORTUNATE (HIND
ICE REFUSES)...

"UP ONTO IT, SQUADSMAN! THIS LITTLE 'PINK'
MAY NOT HOLD US FOR LONGS--- BUT
THERE'S NO OTHER ONE IN REACH!"



AS THE MOON RISES, THE WIND DROPS--- BUT EVEN THE DOGS KNOW IT WILL
BLOW AGAIN!

"YOU'RE A GOODER, MOUNTIE! WHEN THE WIND
COMES STRONGER YOUR LITTLE CANNIE OF ICE
WILL ROLL OVER WITH YOU!"

"HAVE A GOOD
SWEET! HAW,
HAW, HAW!"



WHILE WAITING AND PREPARING FOR THE WORST, HE TIES HIS WATER-
PROOF DOWN (LIFTED SLEEPING BAG AROUND HIM)



"YEE HAW!
POW!"

"I KNOW, SQUADSMAN! WITH DAYLIGHT, WE
MAY HAVE TO SWIM--- FOR THOSE ICE PINK!
IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE WIND!"

AND SLIPS HIS PISTOL INTO A LITTLE WATER-
PROOF SEAL SKIN BAG!



AT DAYBREAK THE WIND RISES, STRONGER THAN BEFORE,
WAVES ROLLING FLOOD ICE - THEIR ISLAND OF SAFETY

THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO, JACKSON
- UNTIL WE HAVE TO JUMP!

YARR-
OOOHH!

THEN COMES A BIGGER WAVE!

HUH? HUH? HOW'D THE
WATER FEEL, MOUNTIE?



SHOOOM - - FOR THEM!

YARRHHH-HH! DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOING TO LET
YOU LAND HERE, MOUNTIE? START SWIMMING FOR SHORES!



MAYBE WE SHOULD START NOW
- - - SHOOTING HIS DOGS?

NO - LET 'EM COME CLOSER
IT WILL BE EASIER THEN!



UNDER WATER, KING'S RIGHT HAND GRABS HIS
HIDDEN PISTOL.







DOWN IN HIS COZE DOWN SLEEPING BAG, WHOSE WATERPROOF COVERING HAS KEPT IT DRY, KING RECOVERS FROM HIS FREEZING SWIM.

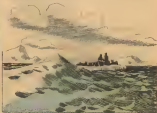
"WATCH THEM, SPOOK-LIM!"...
AND YOU TWO... REMEMBER, I'VE
MY GUN, AND IT DOESN'T TAKE
MUCH TO WAKE ME."

"WE'RE DRIFTING OUT TO
SEA! WE'LL ALL GROWN
OR STAVE, EITHER!"



"THE CURRENT IS TAKING US OFFSHORE!
BUT WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE!
A CHANGE OF WIND COULD DRIFT US
BACK."

ALL DAY LONG THE ICE PAN MOVES SLOWLY BUT STEADILY SEAWARD FROM THE SHORE OF THE BAY.



WHEN NIGHT FALLS, KING WORKS THE ICE CRYSTALS OUT OF HIS CLOTHING, WHILE HIS PRISONERS "GET THE SACK."

"YOU GOT US IN THIS SQUARE,
MOUNTIE?" I HOPE YOU'RE
SATISFIED."

"NOT UNTIL YOU'RE
SAFE IN JAIL,
SMITH!"



THROUGH THE NIGHT HOURS, KING STAYS AWAKE AND FEEDS HIS PRISONERS.

"BLUBBER'EESKIMO
GRUB' IS THAT ALL YOU'RE
GIVING US TO EAT?"

"I'M RATIONING ALL
FOOD... AND BLUBBER'
WILL WARM YOU MORE
THAN ANY THING..."

"THE BLUBBER' FOR STUFF
WITH JOE CARBOL'S PURR!"





LONG BEFORE DARK, THE TWO WALRUS-HIDE BOATS AND THE
ESKIMO HUNTER APPEAR!



WILL THERE BE ROOM
FOR ALL? WE CAN LEAVE
THE BLIND

A BOAT IS NEVER
FULL UNTIL IT SINKS.
WE WILL TAKE THE
BLIND, TOO!



AND ONCE ABOARD—

YOU WILL BOARD THESE
PRISONERS—WHO STOLE THE
FURS OF TWO ESKIMO TRAPPERS,
AND TRIED TO KILL ONE!

YES! BUT
WHERE ARE
YOU GOING,
POLICEMAN?



I GO TO BRING IN THE INJURED
TRAPPERS! I WILL NOT BE GONE
LONG! TABAGUT?—GOOD,
YOU MALAMUTES!

TABAGUT?
GOOD-BYE,
GOOD LUCK!



In mortal combat—against
the earth itself

READ

"GOD OF THE BOG" in the

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TUROC
THE GOD OF BLOOD



ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE DELL COMICS DEALER

ARCTIC WOLF



THE ARCTIC OR POLAR WOLF IS ONE OF THE LARGEST CANINES, PREYING ON EVERYTHING ITS POWERFUL JAW CAN BRING DOWN.



PUPS ARE BORN IN THE SPRING, WHEN SNOW STILL COVERS THE GROUND---AND THEIR SUMMER PLAY-TIME IS ONE LONG, LONG DAY.



WINTER HUNGER BRINGS THEM TO THE GRIM CHANCES OF THE HUNT! THE WOLF FAMILY WORKS AS A PACK TO STALK HIS GAME!



IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT THEY CAN SURPRISE THE WARY BEAST BEFORE HE REACHES THE HERD'S DEFENSIVE CIRCLE!



SOMETIMES HUNGER DRIVES THE ARCTIC WOLF TO ATTACK ESKIMO TEAM DOGS, RISKING THE NEARNESS OF MAN AND HIS FIREARMS.



BUT THE HUNTER MUST BE QUICK TO KNOCK OVER ONE OF THESE FIERCE AND WARY BEASTS BEFORE HE VANISHES LIKE A WHITE GHOST.



Hurry...Hurry...Hurry.!!

THE PLASTIC TOY SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

Announcing...

The MINSTREL BANJO
you'll play real songs in no time!

Manufactured by Carnival Toy Mfg. Corp.
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While all you see the handsome black and white Minstrel Banjo. Better still, wait till you hear the exciting music you'll play after just a few minutes practice. Songs like "Old Black Joe" and "Home Sweet Home" are right there in the easy-to-follow instruction booklets—and you'll be playing plenty more in no time! The Minstrel Banjo is an authentic model of the ones used in the old time minstrel shows. It has adjustable tuning keys and true tone strings and it's made of tough plastic. So, go down to your favorite toyland right now 'cause the minstrel show is about to begin, and you'll want to join in on your new Minstrel Banjo!

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